

The Mirror

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SOUTH VIEW OF ST. JAMES'S CEMETERY, LIVERPOOL.

ABOUT the year 1833, the inconvenient and pernicious custom of burying in confined church-yards, began to engage the attention of many people in Liverpool. At that time, many of the burial-places were so crowded, that it was no unusual circumstance in digging a grave to break through the coffins which had already been placed there. To abolish this appalling practice, and to introduce a better system, the present establishment was commenced, and was consecrated, 13th January, 1839.

The spot chosen was a large tract of ground, at the top of Duke-street, excavated as a quarry for stone used in the buildings of the docks, and converted into a depository for the dead, at an expense of 21,000*l.*: it contains twenty-four thousand square yards, enclosed by a stone wall and handsome iron palisades, having four stately entrances: the interior is intersected by roads wide enough to admit a carriage, which lead to catacombs excavated in the rock; the oratory, or chapel, in which the funeral service is performed, is an elegant edifice, in the Grecian

style of architecture, and of the Doric order, forty-six feet in length, and twenty-nine wide; at the west-end is a noble portico of six massive columns, supporting a rich entablature, which is carried round the building, and surmounted by a triangular pediment: it was built after a design by Mr. Foster and forms an elegant specimen of purity of style, and of tasteful embellishment: near it is a house for the officiating minister, a handsome edifice of stone; and at the south end of the cemetery is the porter's lodge, also built of stone.

The mortal remains of the late lamented Mr. Huskisson, lie interred near the centre of the grounds; his funeral taking place on the 24th September, 1830. The monument which covers his remains, is constructed of fine masonry, by Messrs. Tomkinson and Sons, in a circular form (as shown in our engraving): ten columns resting on a rusticated basement support the dome: it is said to be a near copy of the lantern of Demosthenes, at Athens.

ALL MUST LOVE.

(Written by Mr. Moncrieff, for the Mirror.)

THE high-crown'd Queen on her canopied throne,
Of love must the anguish bear;
She feels it a sadness to reign alone,
And her kingdom fain would share.
The noble fair, in her warded tower
Must passion's votary prove;
And the jewell'd dame, in her courtly bower,
Resigns her gold for love!
Can then a simple heart go free?
No! 'twas decreed by heaven above,
That high or low, whoe'er they be,
All must love!

The mailed knight, from the armed throng,
Must to love, a vassal bow;
The minstrel, most renown'd in song,
Must to beauty pay his vow!
The solemn judge, and the schoolman grave,
Can neither exist alone.
The pedant sage, yields woman's slave;
Love's power they all must own!
Can then a simple heart go free?
No! 'twas decreed by heaven above,
That high or low, whoe'er they be,
All must love!

COMFORT.

(Written by Mr. Moncrieff, for the Mirror.)

COMFORT! truly English feeling,
Other lands know not thy name,
All that's precious still revealing,
I, for thee, a carol claim!
Transport is too fierce a joy,
Rapture is too brief a bliss,
While love has still doubt's dark alloy
Mingled with his sweetest kiss:
But, Comfort! thou'rt, for all a balm,
Thou art blessing still, and blest,
Pure and constant, glad and calm,
Then be still my bosom's guest.

Comfort! this with thee we win,
To sit our own fire-sides about,
With wife and children, friends and kin,
Whilst loud the tempest roars without.
Peace and plenty at our board,
Circling round the sparkling wine,
Whilst song and tale at will are pour'd.
Comfort! thou'rt a thing divine,
Comfort! thou'rt, for all, a balm,
Thou art blessing, still, and blest,
Pure and constant, glad and calm,
Then be still my bosom's guest.

'Tis thine to keep old customs up,
Nor in the world a foeman fear,
To give the poor the welcome cup,
And make it wassail all the year.
Let France for glory play her part,
Let pride the Spaniard's bosom thrill,
Let Italy reign first in art,
Give us our English comfort, still.
Comfort! sweetest household word,
Domestic idol, lov'd the most,
In other lands, unknown, unheard,
Comfort! still be England's boast.

TO A LADY WEeping.

Ah, lady, why that tear!—can thy young heart
Know sorrow or regret for others' woe!
Or can't thou not to other breasts impart
The sympathies 'tis only thine to know!

Ah, weep no more! the world heeds not thy care;
Calm, calm thy breast—cease those gentle sighs,
Turn thy pure hallowed thoughts to heaven, where
Thy soul should meet the love that never dies!

ANECDOTES OF THE INSANE.*

In insanity, *all* the faculties are not deranged. There may be merely an absurd belief upon some one point;—the patient being in his senses with respect to other subjects. Many who are deranged will read, and understand what they read. They will paint, exhibit skill in mechanical contrivances, work, and talk rationally on many subjects; and some will even shew extreme sagacity in accomplishing their mad purposes, in concealing their mad impressions, and convincing others of the truth of their mad notions. In a case of insanity tried at Chester, before Lord Mansfield, the patient was so clever, that he evaded questions in court the whole of the day; and seemed to every body perfectly sane. Dr. Batty, however, came into court; and, knowing the point of the man's derangement, asked what had become of the princess, with whom he had been in the habit of corresponding in cherry-juice. The man instantly forgot himself; and said it was true he had been confined in a castle; where, for want of pen and ink, he had written his letters in cherry-juice, and thrown them into the stream below; where the princess received them in a boat.

This, however, is not all; for patients often have some of their mental faculties *increased* by insanity. Dr. Rush says he had a deranged female patient, who composed and sang hymns and songs delightfully; although she had previously shewn no talent for music or poetry. There was here an excitement of one part of the brain; while another part was going wrong. Dr. Rush also knew two cases of insanity, in which great talent was shewn for drawing. Dr. Willis had a patient, who, in the paroxysms of insanity, remembered long passages of Latin authors, and took extreme delight in repeating them; but not at other times. Dr. Cox mentions a musician, who talked merrily on all subjects but music; for which his talent appeared increased. His performances on the violin were strikingly singular and original. Dr. Rush mentions the case of a gentleman who was deranged; but who often delighted and astonished the rest of the patients, and the officers of the Institution, by his displays of oratory when preaching. Pinel, a celebrated French physician, mentions the case of a man who was very vulgar at other times; but who, in his paroxysms of insanity, while standing upon a table in the Hospital, discoursed very eloquently upon the French Revolution; and with the dignity and propriety of language of the best educated man. Circumstances similar to these have been seen in fever. When the brain is la-

* Continued from page 70; and extracted from Dr. Elliotson's Lectures on Medicine, edited by Dr. Rogers.

bouring under the excitement of fever, a person who has previously shewn but little talent for singing, may sing very correctly; and sometimes, although an individual may be delirious, he will speak very eloquently on certain subjects. This is a state which does not last long.

So much with respect to the *intellectual* faculties: But the *propensities* and *sentiments* are frequently disturbed in insanity. Some are so far disturbed as to be very superstitious; some are very respectful; while some, again, are very impious. Some are thievish; some are modest; some are quite the opposite; some are very silly; some are very cheerful; some are melancholy; some are fearful. Some have felt an impulse to kill themselves; and some to kill others. When I was at the University (Cambridge), there was a person who was said to have attempted, three times, to set the College on fire. It was ascertained that, when he was young, he had attempted to drown a child; yet nobody ever suspected him of being mad. You may recollect the instance of a man, who murdered a very excellent gentleman and his lady (Mr. and Mrs. Bonar) at Chiselhurst, in Kent. The murderer was a footman in the family; and, one night, he left his room, went up stairs to the apartment of his master and mistress, and beat their brains out with a poker. He was asked his reason; but could give none. He said he had always been treated by them with the greatest kindness; but he felt suddenly in the night a desire to kill them; and he supposed the devil had prompted him to the act. No other symptom of insanity was detected in him; and he was hanged. Dr. Gall mentions the case of a person at Vienna, who went to witness an execution; and was seized with a propensity to kill. At the same time, he had a clear consciousness of his situation. He expressed the greatest aversion to such a crime. He wept bitterly; struck his head; wrung his hands; and cried to his friends to take care, and get out of the way. He felt the inclination; regretted it; and entreated every one to prevent his doing mischief, by putting him into prison. Pinel mentions the case of a man, who exhibited no unsoundness of intellect; but who confessed he had a propensity, in spite of himself, to commit murder; and his wife, notwithstanding the tenderness he really felt for her, was near being murdered by him;—for he had only time to warn her to fly. In the interval he expressed the same remorse; felt disgusted with life; and attempted, several times, to put an end to his existence. In a work by Mr. Hill, you will read of a man who was tried at Norwich, in 1805, for wounding his wife, and cutting his child's throat. He had been known to tie himself with ropes for a week, to prevent his doing mischief to others. One of the

members of a family in London, is said to have used these words:—"Do, for God's sake, get me confined; for if I am at liberty, I shall destroy myself and wife! I shall do it unless all means of destruction are removed; and therefore do have me put under restraint! Something from above tells me I must do it; and I shall!" Arsenic was put into a pudding; and the maid-servant was executed for it; but many persons were perfectly convinced of her innocence.

Dr. Gall mentions having seen a person in prison at Friburg, who had set fire to his house four times in succession; and who, after he had set fire to it, tried to put it out. Some have an irresistible desire to steal;—without any other mark of insanity. Gall says, that the first king of Sweden was always stealing trifles. Instances are mentioned of a German, who was constantly pilfering; and of another who, having the desire to steal, entered the army;—hoping that the severe discipline there would restrain him. But he gave way to the propensity even there; and was very near being hanged. He then became a friar, with the same hope; but he still felt the same desire, and carried all the things he could to his cell; but as he could get only trifles, he was not noticed. Gall also mentions that a person at Vienna, in the habit of stealing, hired a lodging in which to deposit his thefts; and when he got a stock, he sold them. He stole only household matters. The wife of a celebrated physician at Leyden, never went into a shop to buy anything without stealing; and a countess at Frankfort had the same propensity. Another lady, notwithstanding all the care with which she had been brought up, had the same desire to pilfer. You will find it related of a physician, that his wife was always obliged to examine his pockets in the evening, and restore to his patients the things she found there. He always took something, as well as his fee. Meritz speaks of a criminal who, at the moment he was about to be executed, stole the confessor's snuff-box. Dr. Burner, who was one of the physicians to the king of Bavaria, speaks of a person who enjoyed abundance, and had been well educated; but who, notwithstanding, was always stealing; and was made a soldier by his father, and at last got hanged. The son of a celebrated and learned man,—himself very clever, and respectably connected in every respect,—could not resist this propensity; and I could go on to furnish you with instances without end, of individuals who acted thus (as it would appear) from insanity;—not from any criminal motives; but from a blind desire too strong for them to resist.

THE MAID OF RONA.

ABOUT the beginning of September, 1746, some months after the final overthrow of the brave, but unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, and his devoted adherents at the battle of Culloden, a French ship was hovering round the Western Isles, in order to carry off to France such of the unfortunate insurgents, as were still hunted by their merciless enemies among the fastnesses of their native mountains.

At this period, the small and barren island of Rona was the hiding-place of Captain M'Donald, a younger brother of the chief of Moidart, and one of those daring spirits who had rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to the government, by their activity in fomenting the rebellion, and afterwards, in facilitating the escape of the prince. He had been some weeks on the island, under the protection of Rory M'Allister, his foster-father, who, with his wife, was the only inhabitant of this barren rock, when, to his great joy, he one evening descried a ship, carrying the private signal of his party, standing off to the westward. He immediately answered the signal, and anxiously awaited the approach of night.

The day was closing with every appearance of a coming storm; and Rory M'Allister's practised eye could discover, that the brave bark, which had ventured into the very jaws, as it were, of the British ships of war, was closely reefed, as it passed between him and the fiery disk of the sun just disappearing in the western waters.

At any other time, Captain M'Donald would have hailed the approach of a storm with pleasure, as it would have afforded him an opportunity of leaving his cold, desolate retreat, to enjoy in security the comparative comfort of his humble friend's fire-side—a luxury he dared not venture upon, while the little island was accessible to the boats from the men of war. Two parties had been already despatched on different occasions to pay domiciliary visits to Rory, on suspicion of his harbouring his foster-son; but a very slight search sufficed to convince the pursuers that no human being could be concealed on the premises, viz., a mud cabin, containing one apartment; and the barren rock, surrounded, for the most part, by perpendicular cliffs, appeared very little better calculated to afford shelter.

Rory had, however, discovered a place of concealment which he thought would defy the most active vigilance of his foster-son's enemies, and had accordingly carried him thither from the main-land. It was a cave opening into the face of the rock, a little above low-water mark, and rising in numerous shelves and compartments to the very brow of the cliff, where it ended in an aperture sufficiently large to admit light and air, but not ingress or egress to a full-grown person.

In this cave, then, did Captain M'Donald pass the three weeks previous to the commencement of the present narrative, except such intervals of stormy weather as secured him from all chance of a surprise. He sometimes descended, with the assistance of his faithful friend, by ropes let down the face of the rock, and at other times, when the weather permitted, was carried round the island in Rory's skiff. It will be observed that the refugee's hiding-place became a prison during a portion of the time, owing to the rising of the tide, and, on such occasions, he received his scanty sustenance through the aperture at the top. Captain M'Donald was too much excited by the hope of escape, to retire to his strong-hold on the evening in question; but as the storm increased, his hopes began to vanish. Towards midnight it blew a hurricane, and, although it was impossible for any boat to effect a landing, yet he continued to look out at intervals, through the pitchy darkness, in the forlorn hope of seeing or hearing a friendly signal. Soon after midnight, a gun was heard to windward, and, notwithstanding the apparent uselessness of such a step, he proceeded in the direction of the cave, which was at the western extremity of the island. He had not been long there, when he distinctly heard another report, and saw a flash at no great distance. It was now evident that those guns were fired by a ship in distress, and as it was to windward, and probably not aware of the dangerous vicinity, its fate was but too likely to be soon decided. It was impossible to warn the ill-fated vessel of its danger; Captain M'Donald, therefore, could only await in painful anxiety the fearful catastrophe which, in all human probability, must inevitably occur.

There was every reason to fear that the distressed ship was that which had been seen on the previous evening, a circumstance which greatly added to the intensity of his anxiety, as not only was his own escape rendered impossible for the present, but the lives of the brave men who had attempted to save him were likely to be sacrificed. The storm still raged with unabated fury, when Rory observed to his foster-son, that he fancied he could distinguish the sound of voices amidst the raging of the elements. Just at this instant a vivid flash of lightning burst through the surrounding gloom, and exhibited to their view for a moment a ship within an hundred yards of the cliff. In a few seconds a crash was heard—it had struck on a ledge of low rocks, about a cable's-length from the island. A confused cry of wild despair, rose for a moment above the warring elements, and then all was silent, save the thundering roar of the breakers dashing against the rock, which shook to its foundation.

As the tide was low at the time, M'Donald determined to descend the face of the cliff, in

the hope of rendering assistance, much against the advice of his friend, who remonstrated on the folly and madness of such an attempt, but in vain. He reached the mouth of the cave in safety, and, advancing to the edge of the lower rock, observed a dark mass left by the receding wave within a few feet of the spot where he stood.

He made a dash at the object, and, pulling it beyond reach of the breakers, discovered a large dog, much exhausted, but still holding in its teeth the clothes of a child which he had evidently brought ashore.

The brave Highlander carried the child—a girl, as appeared from her garments, into the cave, and returned to the beach, but without further success.

It was impossible to ascend with the child, which now gave signs of returning animation, by the same way he had descended; he therefore proceeded to the aperture at the top of the cavern, and succeeded, after some difficulty, in handing it to Rory M'Allister, enjoining him, at the same time, to hasten with it to his hut, and use every means to restore life.

Before he could return, the advancing tide had driven the faithful dog into the cave, and cut off his own retreat for the present.

Rory and his wife, having used every means in their power to restore warmth to the frozen limbs of the child so providentially saved from the waves, had the satisfaction of seeing her open her large dark eyes—fixed and meaningless, indeed, but still beautiful; they only wanted the familiar objects that were wont to meet their waking gaze, to light them up with conscious expression. But, alas! she had been rudely separated from those objects—from all, except the faithful dog, probably, the last of her old friends—and left floating on the wild ocean, from which she was only saved to float on the ocean of life, the more dangerous of the two to a beautiful, but friendless orphan girl.

Her scattered senses were, by degrees, recalled, and she began to speak, but in a language unknown to her kind attendants; nothing, therefore, could be learnt from her, concerning the ill-fated ship.

By the time the tide had receded so far as to allow Captain M'Donald to leave his hiding-place, the morning was far advanced, and the storm had entirely subsided. As he approached the mouth of the cavern, a melancholy scene presented itself: several human bodies, horribly disfigured, were lying on ledges of the rock, or jammed into crevices; a considerable portion of the fore-part of the wreck was still to be seen on the rock on which it first struck, and the remainder floated about in the little bay in front of the cave. He was roused from the contemplation of this heart-sickening scene, by the appear-

ance of one of the government cruizers rounding the island a little to the southward. He immediately retreated to his place of concealment, where he had not been long when he became seriously alarmed for his safety on seeing a boat put off from the man-of-war towards the wreck, which had attracted its attention. As the boat, in which were five persons, boarded the wreck, the noise roused the dog which had hitherto remained in the cave, and dashing into the water, he made for the rock. The unfortunate rebel's situation now appeared desperate; he had no doubt his hiding-place would be explored; to fly was impossible, and to offer resistance madness; he had, therefore, almost made up his mind to submit quietly, when he recollected a large fragment of rock which had frequently attracted his notice, in his descents into his stronghold. It was a huge mass, which some convulsion had deposited on a projecting point of the rock, on the southern verge of the cavern, about twenty feet above low water mark, and immediately overhanging the narrow passage which led to the only landing-place, which was on the opposite side. Although this fragment had been accidentally poised with such mathematical exactness as to resist the violence of the frequent storms to which it was exposed, yet a little mechanical force judiciously applied was capable of dislodging it.

The idea of overwhelming his enemies by the removal of this rock, no sooner occurred to Captain M'Donald, than, with that promptness peculiar to minds familiarized to danger, he seized a handspike belonging to the wreck, and, clambering along the side of the cave, took his station behind it. The boat was, by this time, rapidly approaching him, and had reached the fatal point just as the powerful Highlander had applied his lever to the fragment, and concentrated all his strength for one desperate effort. The brave soldier felt a momentary pang of regret at the stern necessity that impelled him to such an act, even towards those who would have shown him no mercy.

It was but for a moment—in the next instant the rock fell with a tremendous crash, scattering the boat and its devoted crew into a thousand pieces. Turning with pain from this scene of destruction, he ascended the cliff by the rope, which had not been removed since the previous night, and, hastening to join his friend, proposed, as the only course left open, that they should all leave the island immediately. This was readily agreed to by Rory, who had every reason to fear the vengeance of the enemy for the part he had taken in the affair.

They reached the mainland in safety; and Captain M'Donald soon afterwards escaped to France, and Rory continued to evade the vigilance of his pursuers among the wilds of

his native mountains, till his offences had been forgotten; while his wife, and the child that had been saved from the wreck, found shelter and protection with the Lady of Moidart.

This child, whose parentage could never be traced, afterwards became the grand-daughter of the Lady of Moidart; and, on the restoration of the family estates, was the honoured mistress of those halls which she had entered a friendless orphan, and where she had been long known by the title of the beautiful "Maid of Rona."

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Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

The Morgue.

As the visitor crosses the Pont St. Michel, he will perceive, in the centre of the *Marché Neuf*, a small square building, with stuccoed walls, and about the size and shape of the station-houses on our rail-roads. It is called the Morgue, and it serves as a receptacle for the bodies of unknown persons, who are found drowned, or have met with accidental or sudden death in the streets. On entering, he will find on his left hand three large windows, guarded by a rail, and looking into a chamber where the bodies are exposed to public view, in order that they may be claimed. There are eight marble slabs in the room, on which they are deposited, furnished with brass tablets to raise the head and shoulders upon. They are arranged in two rows, the first of which is for those whose death has been recent, and the second for any who may have arrived at a later stage of decomposition, and over these last, a stream of water is constantly playing. The clothes belonging to each are hung round the room, as a further means of recognition. Altogether, it is a sad mournful place, and few can look unmoved at the melancholy spectacle it presents. The gloomy and fearful days of the middle ages have passed away. The *Tour de Nesle* no longer overhangs the river, with its blood-stained walls, nor are the mangled corpses of all the brave and beautiful of "la jeune France" found beneath its windows—the infamous *Marguerite*, the dark *Buridan*, and the too-confiding *Philippe*, and *Gauthier Daulnay*, are no more, and their memory lives only in the traditions of the present age; but the Seine still gives up its daily victims, to the curious gaze of the people of Paris. It is not, however, the mere sight of the dead body which touches you, but there is some sad history, some fearful struggle, between the angels of good and evil, connected with most of those, whose remains are exposed there. It is presumed the majority are suicides, and a gloomy image of long-borne sorrow, and lonely misery, is awakened in us

by that thought. Let us picture to ourselves the death of that poor creature, whose body they have just brought in, followed by a gaping crowd of idlers from the market. The corpse is that of a man, whose care-worn visage, and emaciated limbs, betoken much suffering, mental and bodily, while his decent apparel shows that he belonged to the better classes. Let us imagine the night he left his home for the last time: he has, perhaps, quitted the dwelling of years, and he will not enter it again, but cold and dead. It is a clear and bright evening, and the moon is calmly shining over the great city, and throwing a mellow and soothing light upon its noble edifices, but he heeds it not, for misery has so changed and warped all his better feelings, that the world has little to move him now, either by its beauty, or its sorrow. He has gone through fearful trials, and long ago enrolled himself among the number of sad and lonely hearts that are daily breaking around us; but his griefs have become too much for him to strive against, and he cannot bear up against them as formerly, for his mind has lost its elasticity, like the spring-toy which we destroy by overstraining. He crosses the Pont Neuf, and descending the staircase, near the statue of *Henri IV.*, arrives at the edge of the river beneath the arches. He has not been observed, and if he had, there is little sympathy to be found in the crowded thoroughfare of a great city, where each moves in the world of his own affairs, and is too much engaged with his own difficulties to notice those of others. He does not hesitate or quail in his fatal purpose, but he delays an instant, while he places his hat on the bank, and deposits in it a pocket-book, containing a few lines addressed to some former friend. He has untied a black ribbon from his neck, to which the portrait of one whom he had deeply loved in early life is attached. They had been engaged for some time, but cold and calculating interest broke the tie, and when all the presents on either side were returned, he kept that portrait as a remembrance of past and happier days. He has run on a wild and sad career since then, and there are few degrees of vice and debauchery that he has not arrived at; but as he looks, for the last time, at the picture, a train of long-slumbering ideas are conjured up, and scenes rise up of times long since past away, and sensations that he has long been a stranger to. Sad and heavy years have rolled on since that period, but he sees again the green trees and pastures of his home; the smooth turf of the forest, and its fair and leafy coverts, where they were accustomed to wile away the summer days together: the little village, and its modest church—and he stands absorbed in these reveries, until the hoarse tones of the great bell of *Notre Dame* booming heavily over the river, recall him from his visions, and they give place again to the

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cold and rushing Seine, the dark and grinning heads upon the arch above him, and his own wretched and unseen end. But he cannot bear, even in death, to quit the portrait—he would not have it gazed at by the vulgar eyes that shall first find the memorials he has left behind, and he returns it once more under his vest. He turns his glassy and sunken eyes along the illuminated quays, now alive with pleasure-seekers, and giving one last look at the world he is about to quit, plunges, without a shudder, into the rapid current beneath him. The waters are troubled for an instant, and then roll on as swiftly, and evenly, as before.

In a few days his body is found entangled in the nets which are stretched across the Seine, at St. Cloud, and it is conveyed to the Morgue. The garments are displayed above it for recognition, and amongst them is a portrait, but the water has destroyed and mixed the colours, and few traces of the original design can be made out. Before long, the body is claimed and interred—its place, in this public channel, is soon supplied by another—the same idle crowd assembles to gaze on the remains, and the Morgue continues to sustain its melancholy interest, appalling to all its visitors but the Parisians.

151 KNIPS.

TEA-DRINKING IN RUSSIA.

THE Russians are the most inveterate tea-drinkers out of China; and with such excellent tea as they have, the passion is quite excusable. Tea in Russia and tea in England are as different as peppermint-water and senna. With us it is a dull, flavourless dose; in Russia it is a fresh, invigorating draught. They account for the difference by stating that, as the sea-air injures tea, we get only the leaves, but none of the aroma of the plant which left Canton; while they, on the other hand, receiving all their tea over-land, have it just as good as when it left the celestial empire. Be the cause what it may, there can be no doubt of the fact, that tea in Russia is infinitely superior to any ever found in other parts of Europe. Englishmen are taken by surprise on tasting it; even those who never cared for tea before, drink on during the whole of their stay in Russia. Like every thing else here, however, it is very expensive: the cheapest we saw, even at Nishnei-Novgorod, which is the greatest mart in the empire, cost from 11 to 12 roubles (about 10 shillings) a pound; and when a bearded Russian wants to give a feast, he will pay as high as 50 roubles (2*l.*) for a pound of some high-flavoured kind of bohea. The difference between these and English prices, arises from the same cause as the difference in the quality—the long land-carriage, which is te-

dious and very expensive, through regions where there are neither roads nor resting-places. It should be stated, however, that, in travelling especially, no price will be thought too high for this, the only comfort of the wanderer in Russia. It banishes many a headache, and cheers under all the annoyances of a country, which, by universal consent, is the most troublesome and fatiguing to travel in that can be visited. Tea may always be had at the inns in large towns, but being too dear an article for most of the country post-houses, everybody should carry a stock for himself: we once paid 6*s.* 8*d.* for the tea necessary to make breakfast for four; but such a charge is rare. The Russian seldom eats with his tea; he never adds cream to it like the English; nor does he disgust people by making tea-drinking an excuse for tippling, like the Germans, who half fill their cup with brandy when they can get it. The only thing the Muscovite mingles with his tea is sugar, and sometimes a thin slice of lemon; and these being duly added, he sips the brown draught, not from a cup, but from a common drinking glass, slowly and seriously, with all the solemnity of a libation.—*Bremner's Excursion in Russia.*

ANCIENT ATTITUDE AT TABLE.

In the Assemblies of Divines, after the Reformation was completed, the great heads of the Episcopalian and Presbyterian bodies displayed as determined an opposition each to the other, in their explanation and settlement of *non essentials*, as they had in contending against spiritual error for those truths which many by their martyrdom showed to be dearer to them than life. In few things was there more *ink* shed than as to the posture in which the eucharist was to be received. Each contended for the primitive and scriptural position of *sitting* over kneeling, and *kneeling* over sitting. A reference to early engravings will show that neither church adopts the *original* manner, namely, the oriental; and happily for us, for it is lazy, luxurious, and enervating; also extremely inconvenient. Some of the engraved sketches show the construction of the table; *i. e.* three tables so set together as to form but one. Around these tables are placed, not *seats*, but, as it were, *couches*, or beds, one to each table: each of these beds being called *elinium*; three of these *elinia* united, to surround the three tables, formed the *triclinium* (three beds.) At the end of each *clinium* was a footstool for the convenience of mounting up to it. These beds were formed of mattresses, stuffed, &c., and were supported on frames of wood, often highly ornamented. The guests reclined on these, on their left elbows, leaving the right hand free for use. Observe, too, that the feet

of the person reclining being towards the external edge of the bed, they were much more readily reached by anybody passing, than any other part of the person so reclining.

Other engravings show a dining-table clear from guests; with the manner of forming a *circular table*: the cushions laid around it. In these beds, crescent-formed, the right extremity was the first place of honour; and the left extremity was the second place of honour.

In very early times, the attitude at table was sitting: so in Homer, when Ulysses arrives at the palace of Alcinoüs, the king displaces his son Laodamas, in order to seat Ulysses in a magnificent chair. The Egyptians sat at table anciently, says Appollodorus, in Athenæus; so did the Romans till towards the end of the second Punic war, when they began to recline at table.

The office and duty of the *ARCHITRICLINIUS*, (chief of the triclinium,) the master or superintendant of a feast, were not unlike that of a *chairman* of a company, among ourselves. He gave directions to the servants, superintended every thing, commanded the tables to be covered, &c. He tasted the wine, and distributed it to the guests. This office is mentioned in John ii. 8, 9, in the beginning of Miracles which our Saviour wrought. This office among the Greeks, when presiding over the Greeks, was called *KING*. The youths who served the tables were called *ΔΙΑΚΟΝΟΙ*, *DEACONS*, and *οἰνοποῖ*, wine pourers; in modern language, *wine-coopers*. There is a manifest allusion to servants of the tables (*Deacons*), in our Lord's rebuke of his disciples, (Luke xxii. 25.) The *KINGS* of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them: and those possessing authority over them are called benefactors. But among you it shall not be so: but he who is greatest among you, let him be as the youngest; and he who takes place as a ruler as he who serveth, (a Deacon.) For whether is greater, he who reclines at table, or he who serveth, (the Deacon? Whereas I am among you as he who serveth, (the Deacon.)

For want of proper description and discrimination in respect to the attitude at table, several passages of the Gospel are not merely injured as to their true sense, but are absolutely divested of sense in our translation. Refer to the exquisite and touching parable recorded in Luke vii. 36, which the said engravings render intelligible. The same observation applies to John xii. 3. Lazarus was one who reclined at table, *συνεμενον*, with Jesus; and Mary anointed the feet of Jesus. Likewise, John's reclining on the Lord's bosom at the Last Supper, is simply explained by these.

MOUNT ETNA.

DURING the eruption of Mount Etna, in 1669, the lava, after overflowing fourteen towns and villages, some of which had a population of between three and four thousand inhabitants, arrived at length at the walls of Catania. These walls, (observes a recent writer,) had been purposely raised to protect the city; but the burning flood accumulated until it rose to the top of the rampart, which was sixty feet in height, and then fell in a fiery cascade, and overwhelmed part of the city. The wall, however, was not thrown down, being discovered long afterwards by Prince Biscari, when making excavations in the rock, by means of which the solid lava may be seen curling over the top of the rampart. This great current, when it entered the sea, after performing a course of fifteen miles, was one thousand eight hundred feet broad, and forty deep: it covered some territories in the environs of Catania, which had never before been visited by the lavas of Etna. Its surface was, in general, a mass of solid rock, and its mode of advancing, as is usual with lava streams, was by the occasional fissuring of solid walls. M. Pappalardo, a gentleman of Catania, being desirous of securing the city from the approach of the threatening torrent, went out with a party of fifty men, dressed in skins, to protect them from the heat, and armed with iron crow and hooks. Having broken open one of the solid walls which flanked the current near Belpasso, a river of melted matter issued forth, which took the direction of Paterno; but the inhabitants of that town, being alarmed for their safety, took up arms, and prevented them from carrying on their operations. It is related by M. Recupero, that in 1766, having ascended a small hill formed of ancient volcanic matter, to behold the slow and gradual approach of a fiery current, two miles and a half broad, two small threads of liquid matter suddenly issued from a crevice, and having detached themselves from the main stream, ran rapidly towards the hill, from which M. Recupero and his guide had just time to escape. They had scarcely left the hill, which was fifty feet in height, before it was surrounded with liquid lava, and in a quarter of an hour, was melted down into the burning mass. This complete fusion of rocky matter, when coming in contact with lava, is not of universal, or even common occurrence. On the site of Mompilieri, one of the towns overflowed in the great eruption, in 1669, an excavation was made in 1704; and after an immense deal of labour, the workmen reached, at the depth of thirty-five feet, the gate of the principal church, where there were three statues, held in high veneration; when one of these statues, a bell, some money, and other articles, in a good state of preservation, were extracted from beneath a great arch formed by the lava.

W. G. C.



RODNEY'S PILLAR.

This pillar is erected on the summit of a lofty hill, called Moel y Gofa, in Montgomeryshire, by a subscription of the gentlemen of the county, as a mark of their gratitude to the brave RODNEY, for the eminent services he rendered his country. It has the following inscriptions on the pedestal:—"Summus parvum Columnas, Georgii Brydges Rodney Baronetti viget nomen et vigebit."—"Erected in honour of Sir George Brydges Rodney, Admiral of the White, by a subscription of the gentlemen of the county:" and these lines in Welsh—

"Y Colofnan uchaf a fythiaant
Ar Tyran cadarnaf annuharant
Ond Cldd Syr Brydges Rodney.
Agyrnydda bennydd
At Ew da ef ni ddileuir."

Certainly, if any warrior was entitled to such a memorial of his country's regard, it was the invincible Rodney—a man whose life gave the denial to that assertion, generally ascribed to the Lord Bute, "that every man was to be bought." For this hero, when living in retirement on the Continent, being in embarrassed circumstances, on account of an election contest for the borough of Northampton, the French government, aware of his necessities, and knowing his prowess, made overtures which would have immediately relieved him from his difficulties; but the honest sailor rejected them, not only without hesitation, but in such terms as marked his sense of the insult offered him by the proposal; and the fact having come to the ears of Lord Sandwich, then first Lord of the Admiralty, he immediately invited him to take the command of a squadron in the Mediterranean; and on the 12th of August, 1782, the gallant Rodney had an opportunity of resenting the affront he received from the French government, by defeating their celebrated Count De Grasse, and gaining a complete victory over the fleet under his command. In 1780, he also defeated Admiral Langara, off Cape St. Vincent, bringing home five ships of the line as the fruits of his victory. For these and other services rendered his country, a barony and a pension of two thousand pounds were the rewards of his bravery; and a monument voted to his memory, to be erected in the north transept of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Rodney was born in Somersetshire, in 1717; and died in the spring of 1792.

Lord Rodney is described, by some writers on naval affairs, as the first who put in practice the system of tactics afterwards adopted with such success by Nelson and other commanders, the principal feature of which consists in breaking through the centre of the enemy's line.

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN BANNISTER, COMEDIAN.

By John Adolphus, Esq.*

[In these volumes Mr. Adolphus has managed to present a faithful, and, therefore, a very agreeable portrait of a man whose character, both public and private, cannot be contemplated without admiration, and even affection. What the reader will seek for in vain is anything like kindred liveliness between the subject and his biographer; and he will be at a loss to conceive, how, out of such an atmosphere of animal spirits and pleasant *badinage*, should issue a production so merely judicious. To those who recollect Bannister on the stage, the analytical descriptions of plays and characters in which the comedian appeared, will not be without a peculiar interest, but to the mass of readers the effect must necessarily be in a serious degree wearisome.

Even when an actor's life is diversified by many incidents, it will be found that the incidents of one are generally similar to those of all his class; and therefore it is that the reader takes up a theatrical biography, prepared to read that the late Mr. So-and-so, at an early age, became stage-stricken, that his friends had strong objections, that he braved them all, and made his *debut* at a private theatre, afterwards plunged into the thick of country "business," had to contend with the caprices of country managers and country audiences, and at length attained the goal of an actor's ambition—a London engagement.

Bannister's ascent to histrionic greatness, was different from this, in being easier. His father, Charles Bannister, enjoyed a high reputation as a singer at the London theatres, and through his influence, young John early became initiated into theatrical mysteries, and without difficulty stepped into a town engagement. He was born in 1760; at the age of 23 he married a Miss Harper, a young lady in the vocal department of his own profession, and related to Mr. Rundell, the celebrated goldsmith. This marriage, contrary to the predictions of some persons less wise than they supposed themselves, was a singularly happy one. Bannister settled at once into the regular habits of good domestic life, without the sacrifice of a spark of that natural gaiety and boyish cheerfulness, which, throughout his career, made him the delight of all his acquaintance.

Much has been said and written on the fleeting nature of an actor's fame; but, after all, the successful actor has little reason to complain; for, once established in public estimation, he creates in the breasts of many who witness his public exhibitions, feelings

which have all the tenderness of private regard, and are not less permanent. It was the good fortune of Bannister, beyond, perhaps, any of his contemporaries, to excite those feelings. When you saw him represent those characters which, from their unaffected generosity, spontaneous outpourings of the affections, the joys or the sorrows of the heart, seemed to be *not* acting, but the natural following out of his own impulses; you could not restrict your admiration merely to the powers of the actor, but felt yourself impelled to extend your regard to the man. Such a man you feel cannot, off the stage, be essentially different from what he here appears, and your sympathies follow him accordingly. If such were the impressions excited by Bannister on the stage, happily there was nothing to contradict them when you were admitted to his home. He stood out a living exemplar of the respectability consistent with a profession admitted to be often perilous to strict principles, and he leaves behind him a character estimable in all the relations of life, conspicuous for companionable qualities, prudent habits, and the liberal exercise of the heart's best impulses. We proceed to give a few extracts.]

Bannister's Opinion of Kean.

"Having introduced the name of that celebrated performer, Kean, candour requires I should state Bannister's judgment on his merits, which I derive from memorandums to which I have already conferred my obligations, written by the author of 'Wine and Walnuts.' Standing at the first-floor window, he says, of a house in Cecil-street, in the Strand, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Kean, the tragedian, and seeing him and the late Mr. Whitbread go out from the street door, arm-in-arm, Bannister observed, 'How grateful to Providence that young man ought to be for his sudden elevation, when contrasted with what he has experienced.' I asked Bannister what he thought of Kean as an actor, particularly as to the manner of his playing Richard the Third, in comparison with the performance of the same character by Garrick, asking at the same time whether he could recollect Garrick's Richard. He answered, 'Yes, very distinctly. For some time,' he said, 'I could not form a judgment, and yet was unable to account for it. I had only seen Kean from behind the scenes, so one night I seated myself rather beyond the centre of the pit, and there he appeared to me another man. You think this strange, but it is true. In this new, and, as I suppose, proper station, I seemed at once to discover his merits, which grew upon my imagination, first to approbation of his powers, and ended in surprise and admiration! Indeed, I found his conception of the character so entirely original, and so excellent,

* Published by Dentley.

that I almost forgot my old master, Davy Garrick."

Characteristics of Bannister's style of Acting.

"Tragedy was his first aim, and in that he was encouraged by the best critics, and the most admired performer of the day. But soon after Bannister's appearance, the tone and mode of tragic exhibition were totally changed. The unforced, natural, and almost comic manner of delivering the mere cursory dialogue, was changed for one, in which it seemed to be assumed, that no sentence, however ordinary, or even unimportant, could have been written without an occult meaning; no phrase could have been penned without a concealed point. 'Will you play upon this instrument?' was delivered as if it had been a declaration of hostility, or the announcement of a detected conspiracy; and the very little which Cibber has left of the rich sportive sarcasm with which Shakspeare endued the character of Richard, is so suppressed, that when the tyrant banters his mother, he may almost be expected to aim his dagger at her heart.

"Garrick's agile movement and elegant levity, in which Bannister might have been a valuable follower, were utterly superseded; a dignified and super-majestic manner was thrown around every character, from Shakspeare's murderous Thane to Rowe's gay rake. This taste descended through all the performers in tragedy; and he who had to deliver a message of no more importance than 'Cæsar sends health to Cato,' would well have earned Quin's indignant reproof, 'I wish he had sent it by some other messenger.'

"Mrs. Siddons and Kemble, by the lofty grace of their persons, and the refined dignity of their manners, put to flight, for their day at least, all hopes that could be entertained by those who, without all the perfections of Garrick, struggled against the disadvantages which result from the want of a stately elevation of form. When Mrs. Siddons appeared and acted, the effect was similar to that which might have been expected, if one of the sublimest conceptions of Michael Angelo had been animated for the occasion, and Kemble gave us everything that could be achieved if the same miracle had been performed on the most perfect production of the chisel or the pencil, employed in the representation of Roman or Grecian life, person, and manners. In them these perfections were gifts of nature, improved to their highest pitch by art and study; in them they were becoming and captivating; but they who attempted to form themselves, by imitating those incomparable models, would soon become monotonous mannerists, mere plaster casts, humbly representing the noble statues; lame, clumsy wood-cuts, engraved after the inimitable picture.

"From such a degraded position—education, taste, and ambition, rescued Bannister; and whatever he might have been in the school of Garrick, he never could have been deemed a proficient in the school of Kemble. It is not meant to be asserted that he would ever, under any circumstances, have been a first-rate tragedian, but certainly the altered state of dramatic performance was adverse to his attempts.

"What he was in comedy and in comic opera, has been so much described that addition is unnecessary; but there is a sort of midway character, uniting the pathos of tragedy with the hilarity of comedy, in which he was peculiarly great, and if the expression may be used without offence, unrivalled. Let those, and they are still many, who recollect him in a long line of characters—in Sadi, for example, La Gloire, Shacabac, or Walter,—speak their feelings, and I am certain they must accord with mine on this subject.

"His power over the audience was derived from the simple, though not very usual, means of appearing to be quite unconscious of their presence. He not only laid no traps for applause and no gestures, looks, or efforts, to obtain it, but when it was given spontaneously, and even tumultuously, he was never driven from the business of the scene; if his voice could not for a time be heard, his action never was suspended, and the character in the play was never for a moment set aside to show the contented, overjoyed, the elate individual Bannister.

"He acquired fame by deserving, not by courting it; and while he enjoyed the public approbation with all the susceptibility of his excellent heart, he never, in public or in private, showed an affected complacency or an overweening pride."

Bannister at the time of his retirement.

"In retiring when he did from the profession he had never ceased to adorn, Bannister evinced that solid judgment and unperturbed taste which had distinguished him throughout his life. His absence had never been desired. The public witnessed with regret the attacks made upon him by illness, but they never had reason to think that his infirmity infected his playing; unless the Archbishop of Granada in 'Gil Blas,' whose sermons smelt of the apoplexy, the acting of Bannister never was in the slightest degree 'redolent' of gout. The graceful and animated vigour of his motion, the silver tone and deep feeling of his voice, the enlivening play of his smile, and the animated lustre of his eye, had not only remained to him, but were undiminished and unenfeebled; nor was eulogy ever more true and justly applied, than one which declared that his first performance of Walter did not exceed, in any dramatic requisite, his last personation of the character, a character

for which no successor has made compensation to those who remember it, or afforded commensurate gratification to those who had not that advantage."

Sir George Rose and Bannister.

"Sir George Rose, not less known for his wit and vivacity than for those talents which gave such conspicuous success in that arduous profession, the law, was a near neighbour of Bannister, living on the opposite side of Gower-street. One day as he was walking he was hailed by Bannister, who said, 'Stop a moment, Sir George, and I will go over to you.'—'No,' said the good-humoured punster, 'I never made you *cross* yet, and I will not begin now.' He joined the valetudinarian, and held a short conversation, and immediately after his return home wrote—

'On meeting the "Young Veteran" toddling up Gower-street, when he told me he was seventy.'

'With seventy years upon his back
Still is my honest friend "young Jack,"
Nor spirits checked, nor fancy slack,
But fresh as any day;
Though time has knocked his stumps about,
He cannot bow! his temper out,
And all the Bannister is stout
Although the steps be crazy.'

This good-natured *jeu d'esprit* was left by its author almost immediately at Bannister's door.

Concluding passages of the Memoir.

"Of Bannister's great predecessor, Garrick, it was said,—

'On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting';
but Bannister, whether on or off the stage, was always the same. In the drama he was affecting, because he was natural and simple; in society he was distinguished by the same characteristics. His unaffected hilarity in conversation, the flexibility of his mind in adapting itself to every subject which arose, and the almost puerile good humour with which he recalled and recited the incidents of his earliest life and observation, formed altogether a picture equally singular and interesting. In these moments he showed himself to the greatest advantage; his animated countenance displayed at once the intelligence of a man, the sweetness of a woman, and the innocent sportiveness of a child.

His social virtues will never be forgotten; they assured to him the respect and the esteem of all; he enjoyed upon earth the full reward of his talents and good qualities, while his hopes of an hereafter were cherished with the warmth and confidence resulting from a true and lively faith.

His example presents an useful lesson. He was famous, but never indulged in pride or presumption; prosperous, yet never hardened his heart or closed his ears against the

appeals of friendship, or the cries of necessity; and as the crown of these good qualities,
And to add greater honour to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God."

CANADA IN 1838.

BY LORD DURHAM.

(Continued from page 111.)

Competition of the English with the French Farmer.

THE English farmer carried with him the experience and habits of the most improved agriculture in the world. He settled himself in the townships bordering on the seigniories, and brought a fresh soil and improved cultivation to compete with the worn-out and slovenly farm of the habitant. He often took the very farm which the Canadian settler had abandoned, and by superior management made that a source of profit which had only impoverished his predecessor. The ascendancy which an unjust favouritism had contributed to give to the English race in the government and the legal profession, their own superior energy, skill, and capital, secured to them in every branch of industry. They have developed the resources of the country; they have constructed or improved its means of communication; they have created its internal and foreign commerce. The entire wholesale, and a large portion of the retail, trade of the province, with the most profitable and flourishing farms, are now in the hands of this numerical minority of the population.

A singular instance of national incompatibility was brought before my notice in an attempt which I made to promote an undertaking in which the French were said to take a great deal of interest. I accepted the office of President of the Agricultural Association of the district of Quebec, and attended the show previous to the distribution of the prizes. I then found that the French farmers would not compete even on this neutral ground with the English; distinct prizes were given in almost every department to the two races; and the national ploughing matches were carried on in separate and even distant fields.

The Labouring Population.

In Lower Canada, the mere working class, which depends on wages, though proportionally large in comparison with that to be found in any other portion of the American continent, is, according to our ideas, very small. Competition between persons of different origin in this class has not exhibited itself till very recently, and is even now almost confined to the cities. The large mass of the labouring population are French, in the employ of English capitalists. The more skilled class of artisans are generally English; but in the general run of the more laborious employ-

ments, the French Canadians fully hold their ground against English rivalry. The emigration which took place a few years ago, brought in a class which entered into more direct competition with the French in some kinds of employment in the towns; but the individuals affected by this competition were not very many. I do not believe that the animosity which exists between the working classes of the two origins is the necessary result of a collision of interests, or of a jealousy of the superior success of English labour. But national prejudices naturally exercise the greatest influence over the most uneducated; the difference of language is less easily overcome; the difference of manners and customs less easily appreciated. The labourers whom the emigration introduced, contained a number of very ignorant, turbulent, and demoralized persons, whose conduct and manners alike revolted the well-ordered and courteous natives of the same class. The working men naturally ranged themselves on the side of the educated and wealthy of their own countrymen. When once engaged in the conflict, their passions were less restrained by education and prudence; and the national hostility now rages most fiercely between those whose interests in reality bring them the least in collision.

Effects of the introduction of English people.

English capital was attracted to Canada by the vast quantity and valuable nature of the exportable produce of the country, and the great facilities for commerce presented by the natural means of internal intercourse. The ancient trade of the country was conducted on a much larger, and more profitable scale, and new branches of industry were explored. The active and regular habits of the English capitalist drove out of all the more profitable kinds of industry their inert and careless competitors of the French race; but in respect of the greater part (almost the whole) of the commerce and manufactures of the country, the English cannot be said to have encroached on the French; for, in fact, they created employments and profits which had not previously existed. A few of the ancient race smarted under the loss occasioned by the success of English competition; but all felt yet more acutely the gradual increase of a class of strangers in whose hands the wealth of the country appeared to centre, and whose expenditure and influence eclipsed those of the class which had previously occupied the first position in the country. Nor was the intrusion of the English limited to commercial enterprises. By degrees, large portions of land were occupied by them; nor did they confine themselves to the unsettled and distant country of the townships. The wealthy capitalist invested his money in the purchase

of seigniorial properties; and it is estimated that at the present moment full half of the more valuable seignories are actually owned by English proprietors. The seigniorial tenure is one so little adapted to our notions of proprietary rights, that the new seigneur, without any consciousness or intention of injustice, in many instances exercised his rights in a manner which would appear perfectly fair in this country, but which the Canadian settler reasonably regarded as oppressive. The English purchaser found an equally unexpected and just cause of complaint in that uncertainty of the laws, which rendered his possession of property precarious, and in those incidents of the tenure which rendered its alienation or improvement difficult.

Character, Manners, and Government of the original French Settlers.

The institutions of France during the period of the colonization of Canada were, perhaps, more than those of any other European nation, calculated to repress the intelligence and freedom of the great mass of the people. These institutions followed the Canadian colonist across the Atlantic. The same central, ill-organised, unimproving, and repressive despotism extended over him. Not merely was he allowed no voice in the government of his province, or the choice of his rulers, but he was not even permitted to associate with his neighbours for the regulation of those municipal affairs, which the central authority neglected, under the pretext of managing. He obtained his land on a tenure singularly calculated to promote his immediate comfort, and to check his desire to better his condition; he was placed at once in a life of constant and unvarying labour, of great material comfort, and feudal dependence. The ecclesiastical authority to which he had been accustomed, established its institutions around him, and the priest continued to exercise over him his ancient influence. No general provision was made for education; and, as its necessity was not appreciated, the colonist made no attempt to repair the negligence of his government. It need not surprise us that, under such circumstances, a race of men habituated to the incessant labour of a rude and unskilled agriculture, and habitually fond of social enjoyments, congregated together in rural communities, occupying portions of the wholly unappropriated soil, sufficient to provide each family with material comforts far beyond their ancient means, or almost their conceptions; that they made little advance beyond the first progress in comfort, which the bounty of the soil absolutely forced upon them; that under the same institutions they remained the same unimproved, inactive, unprogressive people. Along the alluvial banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, they have

cleared two or three strips of land, cultivated them in the worst method of small farming, and established a series of continuous villages, which give the country of the seignories the appearance of a never-ending street. Besides the cities which were the seats of government, no towns were established, the rude manufactures of the country were, and still are, carried on in the cottage by the family of the habitant; and an insignificant proportion of the population derived their subsistence from the scarcely discernible commerce of the province. Whatever energy existed among the population, was employed in the fur trade, and the occupations of hunting, which they, and their descendants, have carried beyond the Rocky Mountains, and still, in great measure, monopolize in the whole valley of the Mississippi. The mass of the community exhibited in the New World the characteristics of the peasantry of Europe. Society was dense; and even the wants and the poverty which the pressure of population occasions in the Old World became not to be wholly unknown. They clung to ancient prejudices, ancient customs, and ancient laws, not from any strong sense of their beneficial effects, but with the unreasoning tenacity of an uneducated and unprogressive people. Nor were they wanting in the virtues of a simple and industrious life, or in those which common consent attributes to the nation from which they spring. The temptations which, in other states of society, lead to offences against property, and the passions which prompt to violence, were little known among them. They are mild and kindly, frugal, industrious, and honest, very sociable, cheerful, and hospitable, and distinguished for a courtesy and real politeness, which pervades every class of society. The conquest has changed them but little. The higher classes, and the inhabitants of the towns, have adopted some English customs and feelings, but continued negligence has left the mass of the people without any of the institutions which would have elevated them in freedom and civilization. It has left them without the education and without the institutions of local self-government, that would have assimilated their character and habits, in the easiest and best way, to those of the empire of which they became a part. They remain an old and stationary society in a new and progressive world. In all essentials they are still French, but French in every respect dissimilar to those of France in the present day. They resemble rather the French of the provinces under the old *regime*.

TRUTH and reason are common to every one, and are no more his who spoke them first, than his who speaks them after.—*Montaigne*.

New Publications.

The Quarantine Laws; their Abuses and Inconsistencies. By Arthur T. Holroyd, Esq. (Simpkin and Co.)

OUR attention has again been called to the above subject, inferior to none in vast importance to the public; and Mr. Holroyd deserves the thanks of society for thus having so forcibly and clearly laid open the folly and injustice of these Quarantine Laws. We had recently occasion to lay before our readers extracts from Mr. Bowring's Treatise on the Plague (vide *Mirror*, pp. 362, 378, 395, vol. xxxii;) and the above Pamphlet fully corroborates the declaration of Mr. Bowring, that "the Plague is not contagious," and that performing Quarantine is mischievous, unjust, and inefficient. Our limits preclude us from quoting the many startling facts adduced by Mr. Holroyd; we can therefore only refer our readers to them; being fully assured they will be found pregnant with the most important and convincing facts.

Home; or the Months; a Poem for Domestic Life. By John Player. (Ward and Co.)

THE aim of the author of the above instructive poem has been "to combine devotional sentiment with picturesque imagery;" and most pleasingly has he performed his task. To those persons who love to dwell on the beauties of nature, and to pour forth their adoration to the Giver of All, this unpretending work will be an invaluable companion; for its reflexions speak to the heart, in strains simple, yet nervous, breathing gratitude, contentment, virtue, and serenity of mind—endearments that tend to render life truly blissful. Every one, after perusing this Poem, will become wiser, better, and happier. We most heartily commend it to the notice of our readers.

The Life and Times of the late Countess of Huntingdon. Part I. (Simpkin and Co.)

THIS Memoir is not, strictly speaking, the life of the late Countess of Huntingdon, but of 'Selina,' Countess of Huntingdon. The first part is before us; and if the remainder of the work be conducted in the same pleasing anecdotal manner, it will form an interesting piece of Biography. It seems written with great care, and adherence to truth. prodigal of notices relative to Wesley, Whitefield, and other eminent early methodist contemporaries of the noble subject of the memoir. It is very clearly and neatly printed, and embellished with a portrait of the Countess, which would have been the more acceptable, had greater judgment and labour been bestowed upon it.

MRS. HOPWOOD AND THE HARE'S FOOT.*

* * * * * "With a sort of mincing step, and with many a profound curtsy, did Mrs. Hopwood enter the presence. She had been some few minutes in her chamber, for the purpose of adornment; but such had been her haste, that she had hardly time to do justice to her taste. She determined, however, to cover all deficiencies in style by profusion of ornament, and, after having touched her cheek with the slightest possible tint of the "hare's-foot," (for cheeks will fade with years,) she pinned a bunch of flowers here, and another there, till her head resembled a huge bouquet, when unfortunately, as she was about to give the finishing touch, she heard her husband's excited voice to Susan; snatching, therefore, a bunch of full-blown roses, she pinned them hurriedly in their place, and casting but too cursory a glance, the general effect seemed so undeniable, that she rushed down stairs, fearful of driving her husband to despair, by her continued absence. Lord Walgrave rose to receive her, and taking her hand, led her to a seat. "I need not say how happy I am to make the acquaintance of the wife of my most estimable friend, Hopwood," commenced the nobleman; but, before he could proceed, he was seized with such a fit of coughing, that he was forced to resume his seat on the sofa, and cover his face with his handkerchief. The fact was, that though Lord Walgrave was a man of fashion, and consequently had his feelings and countenance under great control, yet there sometimes occur such unforeseen, such sudden attacks upon her risible muscles, that even the well-trained habits of a man of society find it impossible to resist them. Unfortunately, as Mrs. Hopwood took her seat, the eyes of Lord Walgrave came upon a level with her head-dress, and there, erect, amidst a profusion of roses and geraniums, stood the identical "hare's-foot" which had created the bloom upon her cheek, and which, having become entangled amongst the wires of the last bunch of roses, was with them transferred to its present unlucky position, producing, it must be confessed, a most extraordinary and startling effect. "Dear me! dear me! what a cold your lordship has taken," said Hopwood, agitated beyond measure, and fidgeting about with the poker in his hand; "this room is so cold, I'm afraid your lordship did wrong in removing from the fire;" and here he emptied the scuttle upon the blazing contents of the grate. "I should never forgive myself, if I thought—" "Now, do not disturb yourself, Hopwood," interposed Lord Walgrave, somewhat recovering from the effects of his surprise, but not daring to turn his eyes in the direction of the lady of the house; "I must

have taken a little cold coming down, but it will pass."—"Will you let me get you a little broth, my lord?" asked Mrs. Hopwood, "a little broth with some chopped parsley in it—chopped parsley is a most excellent thing for a cold."—"No, my dear madam, thank you, it may pass off directly; I am subject—" but here his lordship's cough again became so violent, that he was obliged to take refuge in the folds of his handkerchief. "Do, my dear, pray fetch the cough-drops we take in treacle," said Hopwood; "what can we do? If your lordship would but come a little nearer the fire;" and the more his lordship coughed, the more did Mr. Hopwood stir the fire, and the more did Mrs. Hopwood, in her anxiety to aid his lordship, parade before his vision the apparition of the "hare's-foot," which was the exciting cause of the mischief. At length his lordship's paroxysms were checked by the opportune arrival of Georgina, who advanced just within the door, half timidly, yet without the slightest approach to awkwardness, and bowing gracefully to Lord Walgrave, went to her mother. "Ah! Georgina, my love, you are come at last; let me present you to Lord Walgrave," said her father. "Really;" said Lord Walgrave, rising, "and is this young lady your daughter, Hopwood?"—"Our only child, my lord," answered the proud parent. "Then, indeed, I may say sincerely, that I congratulate you upon your good fortune, in calling so very charming a young lady your own," said Lord Walgrave, advancing towards her in his usually graceful manner, to offer his hand. Georgina, before she received or acknowledged the compliment of his lordship, had detected the anomaly of her mother's head-dress, and with a rapid and almost imperceptible movement, transferred it from its singular position to the fire; while Mrs. Hopwood, thinking she had only arranged a stray flower, smiled her approbation."

AFRICAN MONEY.

Among the many highly interesting specimens presented to the *Numismatic Society*, January 24, 1839, Mr. Holroyd exhibited three curious iron coins of African money, from Cordovan, and read an interesting paper upon them. The form of these was very rude, being not unlike the section of a mushroom, and they were but of recent introduction; for, when the country was under the dominion of Darfour, the only medium of barter or exchange was grain. On its conquest by Ali Pasha, he introduced the Egyptian coins; but, on account of the low rate at which every article of life was sold, they soon found it necessary to procure some lower medium of circulation. Iron ore being very plentiful in the neighbourhood, was employed in the fabrication of these coins, forty of which were worth

* From the novel of "Horace Vernon." Colborn.

one Egyptian piastre, or 2½d. sterling. A similar instance of this coinage is recorded by Major Denham, at a village in Africa, where the value of the coin, however, varies, and is settled by the proclamation of the chief. This excites considerable stir and excitement, which the bulls and bears take every advantage of; but a very great cause of its fluctuation is when the chief gives a feast.

The Gatherer.

Titles of the Emperor of Austria.—The following description of the numerous titles of the Emperor of Austria, appeared a short time since in the *Journal de Vienne*:—Emperor of Austria; King of Hungary, Bohemia, Lombardy, Venice, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, Galicia, Lodonatia, and Illyria; Archduke of Austria; Grand Duke of Tuscany; Duke of Lorraine, Salzburg, Syria, Carinthia, and the Ukraine; Grand Prince of Transylvania; Margrave of Moravia; Duke of Upper and Lower Silesia, Modena, Parma, Placentia, Guastalla, Auschwitz, Zator, Steachlein, Frioul, Ragusa, and Zara; sovereign Count of Hapsburg, and the Tyrol, Kiburg, Gorr, and Gradiaka; Prince of Trente and Brienne; Margrave of Upper and Lower Lusace, and Istria; Count of Hohnemments, Feldkirch, Brengentz, and Sonnenberg, Lord of Trieste, Cattaro, and the March of Vences.

W. G. C.

Solon used to say, that laws are like spider's webs, which catch whatever is weak and light, but suffer what is strong or weighty to burst through and escape.

The Zoological Society have purchased a male chimpanzee; he is from eighteen months to two years old. The last report also states, that the female giraffe is with young.

Sneerers.—The most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others. They are safe from reprisals, and have no hope of rising in their own esteem, but by lowering their neighbours. The severest critics are always those who have either never attempted, or who have failed in original composition.—*Hazlitt.*

Angustus, hearing that a Roman knight, who had lived extravagantly, had died overwhelmed with debt, and that his goods were to be sold by auction, gave orders to purchase his bedstead. Some of the courtiers expressing their surprise, "I should like," said he, "to have the bedstead on which a man could sleep, who owed so much."

Set Dinners and Suppers.—It is certain the Goths first brought in the custom of set dinners and suppers; that is, of eating two full meals a-day; whereas the ancients used to make a light dinner, eating only to prevent the gnawing of the stomach, but at supper

they would take as much as was fit to maintain and nourish them.—*Rabelais.*

The certain way to be cheated, is to fancy oneself more cunning than others.—*Charron.*

Rising and Falling.—Lord Lovat, who was beheaded for the part he took in the rebellion of 1745, had not risen from bed for the two preceding years. When the news of the Prince's landing was communicated to him, he started up and cried—'Lassie, bring me my brogues—I'll rise noo.'

Answering Letters.—The best time to frame an answer to the letter of a friend, is the moment you receive them: and then the warmth of friendship, and the intelligence received, most forcibly co-operate.—*Temple.*

A young officer of the police, who was stationed on the quay at the Neva, at the setting in of the winter, to prevent any one from attempting the passage of the river until it was sufficiently frozen, discovered a person on the ice, who had escaped the notice of the guard on the opposite side. Being apprehensive of his danger, he called to him to return; but the other, heedless of his entreaties and his threats, kept advancing, until the ice gave way under his feet, and he sunk. The guard called for assistance; but perceiving that none of the spectators attempted to succour the unhappy man, he threw off his coat and plunged in, regardless of his own danger, and by his strength and courage brought the man to the shore, who, two minutes later, must have lost his life. The Emperor Alexander having arrived on the spot at this interesting moment, addressed the officer in the most flattering terms; and, giving him a ring from his finger, promoted him to a station greatly superior to the one he filled. W. G. C.

There is a fine remark recorded of Beterton, the actor, who was asked by a clergyman, "How is it that you actors, who speak of imaginary things, produce more effect on your auditors than we do, who discourse of realities?"—"It is because we on the stage, speak of imaginary things as if they were real, while you in the pulpit, speak of real things as if they were imaginary."

Two coffins, of a rectangular shape, made of oak planks about three inches thick, roughly hewn and nailed together, were lately found on the line of the Bristol and Exeter railway, the locality being that of a Roman station: the skeletons within the coffins were of gigantic size; one was seven feet long, and the other upwards of six feet five inches. They crumbled into dust shortly after exposure to the air.

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